

Apartment 207

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Kurogane knocks on the wrong door and meets a cute and confused Fai.
Language barrier chaos ensues.

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[Kurogane, Fai] Tomoyo, Yuuko I. - Reviews: 1 - Favs: 6

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Kurogane was entirely too confused as to how he had ended up in some stranger's living room, sipping tea and trying to get some semblance of information out of the stranger, while the stranger just seemed to smile and nod every time he said something. The stranger was intermittently tapping away at his phone and Kurogane just felt odd . When Tomoyo had sent him off to pick up a parcel from the a friend of hers, he had expected to find a girl about her age, or a parent. But it looked to him that this man was too pretty- young to be a parent, and obviously too old to be a friend of Tomoyo's. In fact, the man looked to be about the same age as Kurogane. It was too oddly similar to situations he'd been in in the past - when Tomoyo had found the need to meddle in his life. Find a pretty guy, somehow assemble an elaborate plan to have Kurogane run into said guy, and the rest goes on from there. He could feel himself growing more irritated as time went on, both at himself for being gullible and Tomoyo for setting him up.

"Who did you say you were again?" Kurogane asked, trying once again to at least get something out of him. The man looked up from the phone, tilted his head to the side, and his eyes widened. He pointed to his own chest, smiling again and, " Fai ."

Fai. A name? The stranger gestured to Kurogane, pointing at him as he had just done to himself, "Kurogane." And then back to himself, "Fai." Ah, yes, a name. Kurogane nodded, huffing in annoyance, but cracking a small smile despite himself. A language barrier? The name sounded foreign, of-fucking-course. Kurogane stood, wanting to make a hasty escape, "I think I'm in the wrong place," he glanced over at the other man, who just kept fucking smiling and Gods it took everything in him to look away because how could someone be that goddamn beautiful ?

"Thank you for the tea." Kurogane had only made it two steps toward the door when he felt a hand grab his wrist and pull him back. He

turned around to see a very perplexed-or, concerned?-look on the other man's face. The man shook his head, and pointed at his phone, holding it up to show Kurogane. The contact's name read "Yuuko", which meant nothing to Kurogane, and Fai's text read "Der er en mand her for dig." To which the other person replied with, "Tak, jeg er på vej." Both of which, meant literally nothing to him.

He shook his head and suddenly the man had let go of his wrist and he was about 6 inches away from Kurogane, with his hands on his shoulders and his bottom lip gently poking out in what seemed to be a half-pout. Suddenly very aware of his own heartbeat, Kurogane managed to miss the the knock at the door behind him. Fai glanced over his shoulder, smiled again, but crooked this time, different, and moved to answer the door.

Yuuko, Fai's neighbor, very graciously explained what had happened: you see, her kids sometimes like to switch the name and number plates around as a prank; all in harmless fun, of course. Of course, the sly smirk adorning her face made it hard for Kurogane to believe her.

"Fai just moved in a few months ago. He's from Denmark, was transferred here as a big-shot interrelations liaison." Yuuko said, handing Kurogane the parcel he was originally sent to pick up, "Surprised neither of you realized that both of you speak English." Yuuko shut the door and Kurogane just stood there, face blank, eyes dead, and a little red-faced. He heard a chuckle from Fai, as he came to stand in front of him. Kurogane could notice the light dusting of pink on Fai's pale cheeks, and it only served to deepen his own blush. Kurogane looked away, scowling.

"Well, it seems Yuuko played us for fools." Fai said, and Kurogane felt Fai press something thin into his hand, "Call me if you ever want to sit next to each other in mutual confusion while drinking tea, again." Fai smirked and turned to settle back into his apartment and Kurogane just stood there, rolling the small, ragged-edged paper in his hand, smiling like a goddamn idiot.